

EXTRACTS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.
FOR NAME, &c., IN "OLD AND NEW."
Or darkness-born, thine dirges fade our dreams
And few of all these mortals, comforted,
May place at last their offerings at God's feet,
With "Lo, the gifts I yield!"

Strong he gave

"Of sin or fate, and gainst our purpose strive,
Revolts at his rebuke, some strong power of ill,
Yet one so certain Heaven's seal there is—
Who, fearing life and doom with godlike wit,
Toil but to conquer, from fair height to height
Rising faster, till that height be won,
Whence they shrink us, spread like the sea,
Steadfast and perfect in the evening star."

Yes, such the victory, the calm fight
Of creation, O magnificent soul!

O'er whose broad headland, east in antique mould,
The mystic tide of stormy seas rolled;

Who left their mark in furrow'd seas with thought,
And the grave lone of ages. The last bright

With an unevenness, with an anxious smile,

Of matched strategy, and high-tempered skill;

Truth thy sure guide, and speechless fan thy gale;

And now thou standest, the wings of labour tried,

Like lone eagle of the mountain rocks,

Thine eyes turned heavenward, thy white, reverent locks

Wore halo-wise about thy sovereign brow;

This standst thou, scarcely knowing all that men know,

Before that, that like through grape-halls

And humble granite homes the music rolls,

True hearts to fervent prayer or tender praise;

That overme the pure, benevolent sky,

Shall sweetly ring resounding round the world.

LATE LOVE.

Perhaps love is never so potent as when it seizes upon those who have passed their first youth, or even those who have passed the prime of life. The choice midgets likely to be thoroughly suited to the nature of the man, and any intellectual gifts of the part of the woman are likely to be more attractive to a man of this age than to a younger person. Besides, there is a feeling that life is not likely to be very long; this late love is the last thing to be clung to; and that after it should it be lost, all will be desolation. "Ivan de Biron."

HUMOUR IN ADVERSITY.

Dr. John Brown tells a story of a lady suffering from what seemed likely to prove a fatal quinsy. Her husband, who was deeply attached to her, was bending over her in the utmost concern. She could swallow nothing. By some strange and scarcely voluntary whim of association he expressed his wonder whether she could swallow a compliment. The remark so tickled her, that she burst into a laugh; the laugh burst the quinsy, and she owed her recovery to what must otherwise have been pronounced the most unreasonable of jokes. There lived at Dundee, in a former generation, a minister educated for his country. His wife, to whom he was much attached, having died, the guess assembled at the funeral, and among them the doctor, a well-known brougher, between whom and the minister many a shaft of wit had flown. The minister's heart was as sad and sore as possible, yet at the sight of the doctor he could not refrain from a touch of the old humour. "Come away, doctor, come away, it will be long time before I have this to do for you!"—Good words.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY.
The stately little gentleman of proud military bearing, quite bright, broad high forehead, ardent temperament, a sparkling vivacious intelligence animating every feature—this is Sir Garnet Wolseley, the legislator of Red River, and the young hero chosen for the command of the British Expedition to Coomassie. He is the very reverse of my conception of Sir Garnet Wolseley, who called the gentlemen of the press, "drunks," and "curse of men's wives." If he had not been a soldier, his appearance, I should judge him to have made a first-class special correspondent, just the man to have seized an item and dared a general-in-chief to lay hands on him, just the man to be sent to any part of the world to collect news. His eager eyes betray the inquisitive soul and indomitable energy. Taking no offence whatever at his sharp-tempered criticism of the "Necessity of the Age," I admit at once that the British Government could have found no wiser man to enrust the castigation of the Aborigines to than Sir Garnet Wolseley.—*Comments and Magaz.* By H. M. Stanley.

CHINESE AMUSEMENTS.

It would be difficult to find a people with keener sense of humour, or more devoted to pleasure than the Chinese, and in this they differ not one whit from ourselves; but they do not one whit from us in the sense of the pleasure the pleasures of the table, its sensual gratification and intercommunication of ideas, and the pursuit of light literature. No house is without its musical talent, and at all hours of the day and night, on passing through the streets, will be heard the twanging of the harp or guitar, the shrill notes of the flute, or the screeching falsetto of some accomplished vocalist. To the Chinaman, no doubt, those strains and sounds convey all the esthetic thrill which a Wagner or a Sims-Reeves would excite in the minds of a European. But the effect which they usually had on the prior was that of a sharp twinge of cold, and being so insatiable, he can only describe the air as akin to those of which the nursery story tells us the old of died. A theory has, however, been started, that the chords in Chinese music are the natural chords of the human voice. It is fortunate for the European ear that it has proved itself capable of appreciating those which are artificial The Chinaman is a most constant playboy, and has every opportunity for indulging his passion. Each village has its great-aired platform placed outside the big gate of the village temple—where performances in the open air are constantly taking place. These performances are usually the thanks-offering of some devout worshipper, or the result of some imposed upon some distinguished member of a society or guild, so that attending the theatre in China is not to be esteemed as at home. In some of the larger cities there are regularly built theatres, with boxes, gallery and parterre, and it is the constant practice of the more wealthy to have private performances in their homes. The performers are strolling actors, carrying with them all their properties; they require no drop-curtains, or other paraphernalia requisite for the most unimportant private performances in English houses; a raised platform is sufficient for this purpose, and ten dollars will hire the services of a first-rate company representing their parts, always a very large one, consists of historical representations of various single combat and battles of valour, to power of the throne, and scenes chosen from every-day subjects, repeated hourly, from their coarseness, presentable to an English audience. A dinner-giving nation is the Chinese; dinners which would astonish even the proverbial aldermanically, by the number and variety of the courses, and though stiff and formal at the first, loud and boisterous as the wine begins to work, and jocund and jolly at the end, freedom of speech, the copiousness, and the limitation at the same time to a very small number of sounds, of their incovert language, giving them a great power in double entendre, pun and riddle, while their literature abounds with humorous stories and tales, though few will bear the stamp of the more refined Englishman; and those few hardly worth it when weighed of that which makes them agreeable to the Chinese mind.—Oriental.

RELIGION AND ARCHITECTURE.

The outside form of every Gothic cathedral must be considered imperfect if it does not culminate in something pyramidal. The especial want of all Greek and Roman buildings with which we are acquainted is the absence—save in a few and unimportant cases—of the pyramidal form. The Egyptians knew at least the worth of the obelisk; but the Greeks and Romans hardly knew even that their buildings are flat-topped. Their buildings were contended with the earth as it was. There was a great truth involved in that which I am the last to deny. But religions which, like the Buddhist or the Chistian, have a noble self-discount, are sure to adopt sooner or later an upward and aspiring form of building. It is not merely that fancying heaven to be above earth, the point towards heaven, there is a desire natural language in the pyramidal form of a growing tree. It symbolizes growth, and the desire of growth. The Norman tower does nothing of this kind. They did not aspire to grow. Look—I mention an instance with which most of us are familiar. The Norman tower of St. Edmund's. It is graceful enough if you will—but there is no aspiration in it. It is steady, but self-contained.

Its horizontal courses of circular arches, above all, fit well like, seem to have risen enough, and wish to rise no higher. For it has no notion of this upward strain, which is expressed by the spire, and still more by the compound spire, with its pinnaclies, crockets, finials, which are finials only in name, for they do not finish, and are really terminal buds; as it were, longing to open and grow upward even as the crockets are braced and leaves thrown off by the shoot that has grown—Health and Education. By the Rev. C. Kingsley.

NAMING THE TWELFTH BABY.

"Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," is asserted in the fine service for the "christening of woman," and the allusion is considered to be to young children. If this assertion be founded on fact, Ned Davis's cup of happiness must have been well-nigh full, for eleven "pledges of affection" daily shared with his midday meal, and he had occasionally the privilege of purchasing, over a period of stocklings for twenty-twelve legs. And this was not all, for another "event" to commit to the historical archives of the family was daily and hourly expected. Ned resided in a thickly populated locality bordering on Bow-lane, conspicuous neither for space, cleanliness, nor salubrity. "But it is a singular anomaly that children generally flourish like weeds, and the best crop is always to be found where there is most dirt and least room."

The long-looked-for event came at last—the arrival of Ned's twelfth baby! In the same day for christening the illustrious stranger, Ned had ransacked various books to find an appropriate name, and as six of the latest editions of the Davies bore names indicative of hell in the ranks of men, he saw in infant looked strong—almost warlike—a great name was the quest of the avaricious parent. Mrs. Davis wanted it after the Dowling House, removed to Town, and this Convent, 1 percent. per annum. After the Dowling House, very nearly such, and the other Dowling House, 1 percent. per annum. . . .

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